

The Smoke Signals of the Indians

BY EDWIN TARRISSE

"The traveler on the plains in the early days," says an old frontiersman, "soon learned the significance of the spires of smoke that he sometimes saw rising from a distant ridge or hill and answered from a different direction. It was the signal talk of Indians across miles of intervening ground, a signal, used in rallying the warriors for an attack or warning them for a retreat."

It appears that the Indian had a way of sending the smoke up in rings or puffs, knowing that such a smoke column would at once be noticed and understood as a signal and not mistaken for the smoke of some camp fire. He made his rings by covering the little fire with his blanket for a moment and allowing the smoke to ascend, when he instantly covered the fire again. The columns of ascending smoke-rings said to every Indian within thirty miles: "Beware! An enemy is near!" Three smoke built close together meant "Danger." One smoke meant "Attention." Two smoke meant "Camp at this place." Frequently at night the settler or the traveler saw fiery lines crossing the sky, shooting up and falling, perhaps taking a direction diagonal to the lines of vision. He might guess that these were the signals of the Indians, but unless he were an oldtimer he might not be able to interpret the signals. The old-timer and the squaw man knew that one fire arrow—an arrow prepared by treating the head of the shaft with gunpowder and fine bark—meant the same as three columns of smoke puffs: "An enemy is near." Two arrows meant "Danger"; three arrows, "The danger is great." Several arrows indicated: "The enemy is too powerful for us."

Patronize

the merchants who advertise in this paper. They will treat you right.

NO newspaper can succeed without advertising, therefore we solicit the patronage of our readers for those who by their advertising help to make this paper possible.

CO-OPERATION

We Want to Help Our Subscribers and Readers

We mean just exactly what we say and submit the following questions with this object in view, which we trust you will answer:

First—What kind of news do you prefer aside from the regular news items?

Answer
Are you interested in the news from your route?

Answer
Are you interested in social news?

Answer
Do you like to read editorials?

In other words what are you mostly interested in?

Answer
Of course every newspaper must give the news happenings but what we want to know is, what news features you mostly prefer?

Second—Do you buy all your goods in High Point? If not, why not?

Answer
Do you find that the merchants here keep about everything you desire?

Answer
What class of goods do you buy mostly?

Answer
Don't you find that you can save money by trading in High Point?

Answer
These and any others you desire to answer or write about will be gladly received by The Review and held in strict confidence.

These matters are brought up to help our subscribers and we trust they will avail themselves of the opportunity offered.

We want you to feel that we are interested in your welfare and that we will at any and all times do anything to better your condition.

THE REVIEW

ARE YOU ASLEEP?

Wake up and read Holland's magazine—the best magazine of its kind, carrying the best stories, best fashions, etc. Every lady should read Holland's.

Offered two years with The Review for two years also, at half price \$2.50. This offer holds good fifteen days only—until Feb. 12th. Act quick—never again at such a low price.

It's the registered votes that count and not those otherwise eligible to vote, so if you don't register you can't express your sentiments one way or the other.

LUCK IN SPECULATION

SOME REMARKABLE INSTANCES ON RECORD.

Small Fortunes Have Been Made From the Purchase of Wrecks That at the Time Seemed to Have No Value.

Experts laughed when a well-known firm of Melbourne grain merchants paid £368 for the wreck of the Jean Bart, a French barque which, while on a voyage from Antwerp to Wallaroo, ran aground in Spencer gulf, South Australia. Her hold quickly filled, and it was soon impossible to float her. For two months she was in this condition, and the owners instructed the captain to sell the wreck by auction. A number of Austrian firms sent representatives to inspect the wreck, but none of them thought it worth while to buy. The merchants in question, however, made a bid and the wreck was sold to them for £368.

They engaged a diver to inspect the vessel. It was then discovered that the damage to the barque was slight, and that a hole about a foot in diameter, which had been torn in the bows, could easily be repaired. The work was begun at once, the water pumped out of the hold, and ultimately the vessel was towed to Melbourne, where it was found that the value of the ship and cargo was over £12,000.

This instance of lucky speculation in a wreck is by no means isolated. Some time ago a man bought a steamer which was wrecked off Yorkshire for £300. It was not a big ship, says the Standard, but she had a valuable cargo on board, and it was feared that the bottom had been ripped out of the ship and the cargo lost. In the cargo was a large number of pictures. Few firms cared to touch the business, and the underwriters let it go for the sum stated. But the ship was inspected and raised and then, to the surprise of everybody, the cargo was discovered to be little the worse for its immersion. The property sold for nearly £10,000.

Another lucky speculation was that of a man who bought a ship which was wrecked with a valuable cargo off the coast of Africa. She had been given up as hopeless, and he secured her for a mere song. Ultimately he succeeded in raising her and towing her to Gibraltar. The ship is still sailing under another name, and the owner has made a fortune out of the deal.

It is pointed out that there are a number of wrecks round the shores of Britain which would prove very profitable to anyone with facilities for raising them. The vast amount of iron and wood in some of the holds would pay for the cost of salvage. From the Lizard one can see quite a number of wrecks on the coast line, and it has often been suggested that if these were salvaged systematically a profitable business could be built up in this way.—London Tit-Bits.

Making Capital.

The New Reporter going to the telephone and ostentatiously starting the machinery—Hello! Central! Let me have 2745 C, please. (A pause.) You Giddy little thing! No. I said twenty-seven. Twenty-sev—Hello! Is that 2745 C? Is Mr. Safegertee Devoy in the office? Will you tell him that Mr. Jefferson McAddister would like to speak with him? Yes, that's the name, McAddister, journalist.

The other reporters listen in awe-struck silence.

The New Reporter—Is this really Mr. Devoy? My name is—Ah, you recognize my voice? You perhaps remember that I interviewed you yesterday. What's that? Best report? Oh, thank you! You're very kind. I tried to make it so. Has anything turned up in regard to that case since noon? Well, sorry to trouble you. Eh? Dinner? You're extremely kind. As Sherry's? What? And a bottle? (Surgically interest in the entire staff.) It's awfully kind of you. Well, say Tuesday, at eight. But really I—

City Editor (in his every-day voice)—I have some work here, McAddister, when you are quite through talking to yourself. That telephone has been disconnected since morning.—Puck.

Very Simple.

The great detective climbed through the kitchen window, followed by his faithful assistant.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, surveying the surroundings, "I find that his wife is away!"

"How long has she been away?" asked his ally.

"Exactly 30 days."

"And how on earth do you know that?"

"By the unwashed dishes and cups and saucers. There are 90 of each in all, which shows that he used three a day for 30 days, and left them for her to wash when she comes home—same as we all do. Simplest thing in the world."

'Twas Up to Her.

Mr. and Mrs. Nagg were visiting friends in Brooklyn, and several times were importuned to visit, before they left, Greenwood cemetery, called the most beautiful burial grounds in the country.

But one thing or another hindered, and as their visit drew to a close, Mrs. Nagg said: "Henry, when are you going to take me to the cemetery?"

Mr. Nagg, who had not yet recovered from the effects of a scolding administered not long before, moodily replied:

"With pleasure, my dear, whenever you're ready."

ARE YOU GUILTY?

A FARMER carrying an express package from a big mail-order house was accosted by a local dealer.

"Why didn't you buy that bill of goods from me? I could have saved you the express, and besides you would have been patronizing a home store, which helps pay the taxes and builds up this locality."

The farmer looked at the merchant a moment and then said:

"Why don't you patronize your home paper and advertise? I read it and didn't know that you had the stuff I have here."

MORAL—ADVERTISE

Bargains

that will save you many a dollar will escape you if you fail to read carefully and regularly the advertising of local merchants In This Paper

Don't forget to register for the bond issue today, before you forget it. There you have it in your power to vote as you please or not vote at all.

Register whether you vote for or against the bond issue.

A new registration—be sure your name is on the books at once. See places to register elsewhere.

SUMMARY OF THE LATEST NEWS IN THIS ISSUE OF THE REVIEW.

Income tax is constitutional. Explosion kills four. Asks Americans to behave. Leonard Tutts named leader State Fair Association. Sale of Red Cross Seals.

If you register and don't vote you are counted against the bond issue, but if you don't register you can't vote, neither is it counted for or against the bond issue.

The books are now open for registration for the proposed bond issue in March and it behooves every one entitled to vote to register.

NOTICE OF MORTGAGE SALE

By virtue of the power contained in a certain mortgage deed by Moses Myers and his wife, Lillie M. Myers to C. B. Welch on the 7th day of Dec. 1915, and duly recorded in the office of register of deeds for Guilford County, N. C., in Book No. 281, page 44 &c., default having been made in the payment thereof and of the money secured thereby, the undersigned will on the 26th day of February 1916, at 12:00 o'clock M. in front of the bank of Commerce on North Main street in the City of High Point, N. C., sell to the highest bidder for cash and according to law, the lands situate in said State and county, in High Point township, bounded as follows:

Being Lot No. (3.) Three of the Johnson plat as is duly recorded in the office of Register of deeds of Guilford County, N. C. This lot fronts on Greensboro road, and is Fifty feet front, and Fifty feet in the rear, and 150 feet deep.

This the 24th day of January 1916.
J. T. A. C. B. WELCH, Mortgagee.

People Read This Newspaper

That's why it would be profitable for you to advertise in it

If you want a job
If you want to hire somebody
If you want to sell something
If you want to buy something
If you want to rent your house
If you want to sell your house
If you want to sell your farm
If you want to buy property
If there is anything that you want the quickest and best way to supply that want is by placing an advertisement in this paper

The results will surprise and please you

We Are Always Ready

to serve you with good printing. No matter what the nature of the job may be we are ready to do it at a price that will be

Satisfactory

Finish This Story for Yourself—



The girl got \$6 a week and was lonely. "Piggy"—you can imagine his kind—was waiting downstairs. He knew where champagne and music could be had. But that night she didn't go. That was Lord Kitchener's doing. But another night?

O. HENRY

tells about it in this story, with that full knowledge of women, with that frank facing of sex, and that clean mind that have endeared him to the men and women of the land.

From the few who snapped up the first edition at \$125 a set before it was off the press, to the 60,000 who have eagerly sought the beautiful volumes offered you here—from the stylist who sits among his books to the man on the street—this whole nation bows to O. Henry—and hails him with love and pride as our greatest writer of stories.

This is but one of the 274 stories, in 12 big volumes, you get for 25 cents a week, if you send the coupon

To Those Who Are Quick KIPLING Six Volumes Given Away

Never was there an offer like this. Not only do you get your 274 O. Henry stories in 12 volumes at less than others paid for one volume of the first edition, but you get Kipling's best 179 short stories and poems and his long novel—without paying a cent. You get 18 volumes, packed with love and hate and laughter—a big shelf full of handsome books.

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Send the Coupon and you will understand as never before why other nations are going wild over him.

Why memorials to him are being prepared; why universities are planning tablets to his memory; why text books of English Literature are including his stories; why colleges are discussing his place in literature; why theatrical firms are vying for rights to dramatize his stories; why newspapers all over the country are continually offering big sums for the right to reprint his stories.

Send the C. Q. D. Coupon Without Money HUSTLE IT OFF TONIGHT

You get both sets free on approval. If you don't laugh and cry over them—if you don't read and reread and love them—send them back. Otherwise 25 cents a week pays for them all. Don't wait—send the coupon today. This offer is too good to last. It's only the avalanche of letters from disappointed people that made us extend it this long. Send the coupon today—and be glad.

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Also the 6-volume set of Kipling, bound in cloth. Unless I return the books within ten days, I will remit \$1 per month for 15 months for the O. Henry set only and retain the Kipling set without charge.

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The beautiful 3/4 leather edition of O. Henry costs only a few cents a volume more and has proved a favorite binding. For a set of this luxurious binding, send \$1.50 a month for 15 months.

Chic and Dainty Blouses Spring 1916

"Never saw such a pretty line in my life" was the expression of many who saw the line yesterday, and the prices so reasonable for such styles and qualities.

Waists made of Voiles and Organdies, all colors, from 98c to \$1.98.

Beautiful Waists made of Tub Silks, in stripes and Plain Colors, at \$1.98.

Dressy models of Crepe de Chine and Crepes, all the newest shades, light green, flesh and white, from \$3 up to \$6 each.

FIRST SPRING FASHIONS IN WOMEN'S AND MISSES' SUITS AND COATS

The eyes of woman kind are now looking forward to spring, of course. That means fashion-wards. You are heartily invited to come in and view the new modes.

ALLEN'S